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AURORA AND OTHER POEMS

LAURA A.WHITMORE

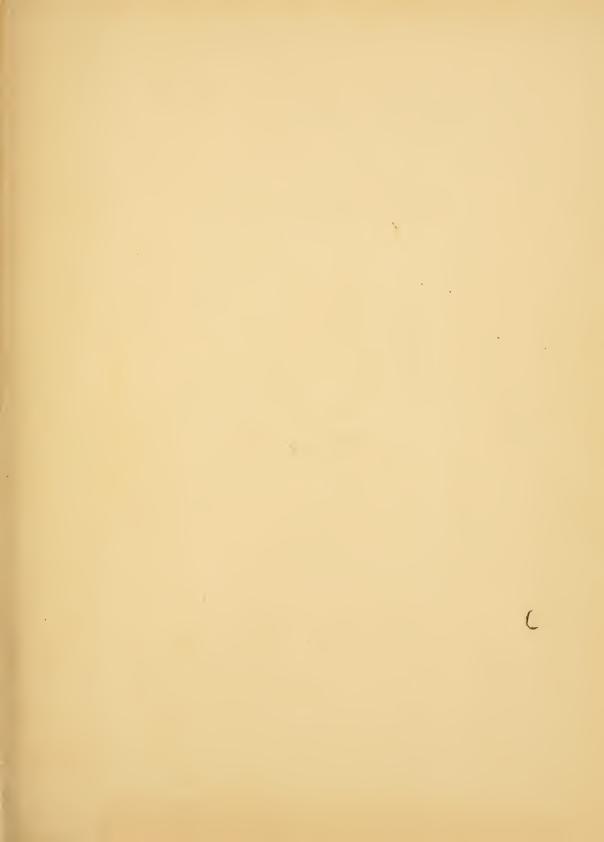


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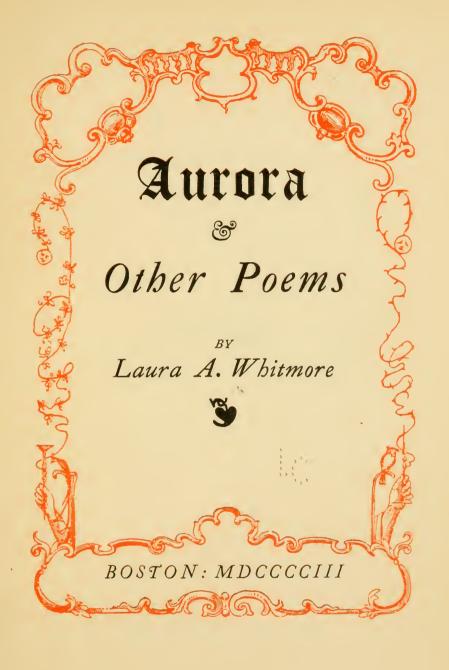
Book . H 764 A 8

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The Heintzemann Press Boston

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Aurora and Other Poems



To JAMES HERMAN WHITMORE These Poems are Affectionately Inscribed



To J. H. W.

IF thou some echoes of thyself dost find
Among my wandering rhymes, and if dost read,
Between the lines, breathings of heart and mind
That thou, of all the world, alone canst heed—
Think it not strange. Such comradeship we know,
So freely hast thou given thy highest thought,
So freely dost thou of thy best bestow,
That on my mental vision hath been wrought
Reflection of thine own. Now what I see
Is more than what alone I might have seen.
Thought agreement is tinged with thoughts from the

Thought evermore is tinged with thoughts from thee,
Bringing a sense of double vision keen.
Nature, art, friends, an added value take
When loved for their own charm and for thy sake.



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Aurora.

THE night so dark,
No tiny spark
In all her million eyes!
Each little star
Is veiled afar
Behind the inky skies.

The night so long,
No cheer or song
To drive my gloom away!
On bed of pain
I turn again
And watch for coming day.

I watch, and lo!
The east doth show.
That morn is on the way;
For well I know
That faint gray glow
Is harbinger of day.

And wider still,
The east to fill,
Spreads out that line of gray.
This be a sign
That light divine
Shall chase my gloom away.

The line of light
Swift follows night
And broader still appears.
My heart is glad,
My heart is sad,
Like one who smiles through tears.

My hope and joy
Have this alloy:
I counsel with my fears.
My heart is glad,
My heart is sad,
Like one who distant hears

The pious hymn,
In convent dim,
Through vaulted arches ring,
When sisters sweet,
With music meet,
Their early matins sing.

My soul, I ween,
Hath senses keen,
For, lo! in eastern skies,
With gracious mien,
Each like a queen,
Gray nuns of heaven arise.

Serene and fair
They mount heaven's stair;
They neither smile nor frown;
In upper air
They kneel in prayer,
Their long robes floating down.

Almost I hear,
Now sweet and clear,
Their tuneful voices blend
With morning star,
That from afar
An echo back doth send.

Is that the sky
Where lately I
Could see no sign of day?
Where over all,
Like murky pall,
The Night's black mantle lay?

Like peaceful chime
From some far clime,
A voice speaks to my soul:
"Night's word is 'trust,'
Day's motto 'must':
Have faith, do good, be whole.

"With every night
Fast follows light;
So peace shall follow pain.
See, now! below
The early glow
Aurora and her train!"

At that glad word
The sky is stirred,
The Orient aflame.
Aurora and
Her joyous band
Shine forth in Morning's name.

Her mantle red
Is wide outspread
To catch the wooing wind.
In fold on fold,
Her robe of gold
Is floating out behind.

She wears with grace
A scarf of lace
Wrought in the looms of God.
Her blessed feet,
For joy so fleet,
With sandals bright are shod.

Her coronet
Is proudly set.
The beauteous morning star,
Its only gem,
This diadem
Emblazes from afar.

As high she flies
O'er hills that rise,
O'er valley, lake and town,
O'er sea and land,
From either hand
She raineth flowers down.

With glance and smile
She doth beguile
The rivers into play.
They leap and lunge,
They skip and plunge,
And blossom into spray.

And, taking wing,
Birds upward spring
To pour their liquid mirth
In joyous song
The clouds among,
And praise Aurora's birth.

On every side
Like rushing tide
A band of fairies bright,
From out the deep,
Far up the steep,
Are springing into sight.

They fade and flash,
They leap and dash,
They spread a crimson lawn
Far up on high
In eastern sky
And dance to honor Dawn.

Then with mad rush
And clash and push
The gay sprites float and rise,
Until with light
Of morning bright
They fill the waiting skies.

And as they rush,
Each cloud they brush
Becomes an isle of gold
In sapphire sea.
Such alchemy
Is wondrous to behold.

They smile and beam,
They glance and gleam,
O'er the horizon low
Each bends and up
In ruby cup
Brings sunbeams from below.

With lavish hand,
O'er all the land,
They fling them far and wide.
Lo! jewels rare,
Through ambient air,
Rain down on every side.

The King of Day,
Not far away,
Doth follow on apace.
Forever he
Is mad to see
The lovely Morning's face.

Coquettish, she
Doth ever flee,
Nor heeds his smile or frown;
For well she knows,
From all his bows,
No shaft can bring her down.

Each merry sprite
For sudden flight
Spreads wide cerulean wing.
With mocking bow,
Behold them now,
Bend low before the King.

"The King is here!"
As if in fear
They cry, "so no more play."
Up comes the sun
Upon the run
And drives them all away.

So hand in hand,
A happy band,
They pass beyond my ken,
On some far shore,
The ocean o'er,
To play their pranks again.

My cares are sped,
My gloom is fled,
I joyful rise and pray
That in the night,
When woe hath might,
I may remember day.

My Elm Tree

THE shadows lie deep on the green velvet lawn,

Above them the branches sway soft in the

breeze,

The birds that sang loud at the peep of the dawn Have hushed their glad notes in the tops of the trees.

How sweet, as I sit at my window, ye look, O cool falling shadows afloat o'er the sod; Ye seem a new page in the life-giving book That tells of the infinite goodness of God.

The shadows below prove the sunshine above; The darker they fall, the more light hath the sky.

So shadows of life, as around me they move, When deepest shall tell me Thou, God, art most nigh.

Then gently, oh branches, swing on at your ease,
And gently, ye shadows, play over my lawn.
Ye birds wake the morn, or be voiceless, ye trees,
My heart hath its joy both at noontide and

dawn.

No cool roving shadows, in restless array, Could fall from the trees on this garden of mine,

Did not over all the bright monarch of day Through ether and azure munificent shine.

Come shadows, come sorrows, Thou God art my Sun!

Through branches that sway, to the crystalline blue

Look up, oh my soul, for the Infinite One Is show'ring His radiant love upon you.

Memory

MEMORY throws a golden glow Over things that shone not so As they passed:

And the years that fly so fleet Might not seem to us so sweet Did they last.

The Lesson of the Pool

A MONG the rocks that guard Nantasket's shore,
Climbing one day, I found a silent pool,
Whose peaceful water, clear and crystalline,
Reflected back an image of the sky
So fair, it seemed an inverse azure dome
Bedecked with fleecy clouds of spotless white;
Each little bird that high in heaven above
Did beat with joyous wing the ambient air
Might look and find his mirrored likeness there.

Nor was reflected heaven all that lay
Enshrined within the heart of that still pool.
Down deep beneath the placid water shone
A floor of rich mosaic. Countless shells,
That once the homes of living creatures were,
Innumerable pebbles, whose bright hues
The rainbow's self might envy, here were laid
In pattern all unequaled by the hand of man;
And from the unhewn sides of the great rocks,
The mystic, veiling seaweed floated wide,
Revealing beauty that it seemed to hide.

Were I but like to thee, thou mirror bright, Like thee girt round about with shelt'ring rocks, Might I not lift my heart to God's own sky, In mine own soul reflect the love of heaven,
Till men might look and naught but beauty find?
What then were breaker's roar or threat'ning
wave?

Enshrined in holy heart so crystal clear
The image of high heaven would appear;
And deep within in wonderful array,
The rainbow hues of thought would flash and play
Beneath those shadows, dim, mysterious,
Wherein the secret of all being hides,
Open to hearts where love divine abides.

O blessed pool! and will thy waters pure Forever image back the gracious sky? Will peacedwell with thee and thy rocks of strength Protect against the swelling of the flood? How vain the thought! E'en now with wrathful roar

The tide is knocking at thy open door.

Didst know, oh little pool with shining face, That thou art product of that foaming tide? Wert born from out the tumult of the waves, What time the hoary ocean lifted high His loving arms to clasp the glowing moon, That high above rode in her golden car? And daily thou must drink the foaming cup That from the heart of ancient ocean wells, Must feel thy steadfast portals beat about By great incoming waves that rush and roar And overwhelm the rocks along the shore.

This is thy life, for know, the golden sun,
Thou smilest in such ecstasy to see,
Would drink thy crystal wavelets, one by one,
Nor ever heed thy dire extremity.
Did not the love-tide of the gray old sea
Refill thy bowl and bring new life to thee,
Soon naught were left of all thy beauty rare,
Nor man nor bird might seek an image there.

Then, oh my soul, in thine own hours of ease, When heaven dwells within and storms seem far, Consider well the lesson of the pool.

Thou may'st not sit at ease the whole day through, New floods of life must fill thy crystal bowl,

Lest thou, grown stagnant, lose the blessed power To image the divine in thine own self,

And facing always the sun's fiery glare

Become as parched as desert places are.

With courage then, oh soul, welcome the tides
And storms that o'er thy inmost being roll,
When back they flow to the great ocean's heart
Thou wilt be grateful that they came to thee.
E'en storms of grief that stir thy deepest depths

'Mid darkness black as dreaded Sheol's shades Shall bring thee life from out the surging sea, Shall be God's messengers of hope to thee.

I thank Thee, God and Father, for such tides; They are the pulse-beats of almighty love; They scale the barriers which here divide The finite from the infinite. They come To empty me of self and selfish pride, The stagnant waters of my life to free And fill my soul with love and life from Thee.

Faith, Hope and Love

FAITH, Hope and Love are three angels That sail with us out of the bay. Faith taketh the helm at starting And steereth the course all the way. Hope lighteth signals at evening And still on the lookout doth stay. Love spreadeth white wings above us And guardeth through darkness to day. Thus reach we the longed for haven, And anchor forever and aye.

Immanence and Transcendence

HIGHER than the highest heaven, The rapt spirit that aspireth; Deeper than the deepest ocean, The deep spirit that inquireth:

God above us, lifting upward
To His infinite salvation,
God within us, looking outward
On the works of His creation.

His the majesty enthronéd
High above heaven's highest spaces,
His the loveliness unfolded
In the nearest, dearest faces.

And our spirits leap to meet Him O'er the infinite abysses. Or behold His love reflected In a prattling infant's kisses.

Swift-winged thought that roameth far To depth of ocean, height of star, In glowing Pleiad, lowly clod Finds everywhere the power of God.

He Cares

WHEN the way is lone and the shadows fall, He cares.

When the storm clouds lower and the night winds call,

He cares.

Every shadow of earth His love shall pierce, He cares.

Hushed shall be the voice of the night wind fierce, He cares.

Back shall roll the gloom that here o'erawes, Shot through with light ineffable because He cares.

On wings of faith, all doubt and gloom above, The soul shall rise and meet the smile of love He wears.

Transformation

THE dewdrop, a diamond in morning's light, Was a tear that fell for the shades of night; So the sorrow that grieves you to-night, my dear, Will be joy when the morning breaketh clear.

To Florida

SUNSHINE and showers,
And fragrant flowers,
And all that make our summers fine,
Throughout the year,
The whole glad year,
O gentle Florida, are thine.

We come to thee
That we may see
The miracle of grace thou art.
In winter even
To thee 'tis given
To wear the rose upon thy heart.

On thy warm breast,
Too, sweetly rest
The violet and pansy shy.
Their color bright,
Pencil of light
Hath copied from thy own blue sky.

Toward that sky,
Are lifted high
Thy "fronded palms" and stately pines,
And live oaks decked
With growth unchecked
Of swaying moss and clinging vines.

While winter wind,
With voice unkind,
Doth loudly call at every door
In the cold North,
Thou standest forth
Bedecked with flowers from shore to shore.

And luscious fruit,
Each taste to suit,
The grape-fruit and the tangerine,
Pineapple rare
And orange fair
Within thy favored bounds are seen.

And while the gale
May rend the sail
And strew with wrecks the Northern sea,
Thy zephyrs gay
The green boughs sway
And fill the land with ecstasy.

Blow, blizzard, blow!
Heap high the snow,
Fantastic over fence and wall!
Thou hast thy day,
We, far away,
Heed not how loudly thou dost call.

A little "dark,"
Gay as a lark,
Below our window whistles free;
And bird on bough
Uplifteth now
His voice to answer merrily.

Our hearts rejoice:
We, too, would voice
The rapture of the time and place;
Our voices raise
To sing thy praise,
Our Florida with smiling face.

With hearts care-free
Like children we
In gladness each new day begin;
Thank God we're here,
And bless thee, dear,
And drink thy gracious sunshine in.

South Beach, St. Augustine

THE sinking sun slowly goes to his rest
Low down behind the great white hills of sand,
Whereon is written that the sea may read,
"Thus far, no farther, shalt thou rushing come."
Each chalky crest is crowned with tall straight palms,
Dark silhouettes against the western sky;
They stand like candles ready for the torch
To touch their tufted tops and bid them flame
A message to the mariners at sea,
That they may know their nearness to the shoals.

Slowly behind the dunes the sun goes down.
Upward the slanting rays now seem to strike;
Crossing high heaven they flood the eastern sky
With colors bright, and in a moment flash
Thereon pictures with such divineness filled,
That eye and soul and heart enraptured gaze.

Clouds that erstwhile a gloomy look had worn, Now blush like rosy Morn waking in joy. They signal to each other, flaunting flags, Purple and gold and crimson, and all shades Of color that the beauteous rainbow wears.

And, now, lo! all the earth and sea beneath Catch the warm glow reflected from the sky.

The swelling waves beyond the broad'ning beach On their white breasts bear ever-changing lights. Wet sands, where late waves of the ebbing tide, Sighing and sobbing sought a moment's rest, Become one great fire opal, stretching far Along where white-plumed emerald breakers Lower their pride and kiss the waiting shore.

But night comes on, the sun has closed his eye, And sleeps behind the western curtained vault Of heaven; the clouds have lost their glory; Emeralds fade; the opal's fire burns out, And as the darkness gathers we can hear The sobbing undertone of the sad sea, Its long waves beating on the lonely shore.

So come away, the hour of glory past,
And let us muse upon the vision bright
That we have seen. Small good to us it were
To see with eye of flesh alone; rather,
Let us behold with spiritual sight,
Far searching into things divine, visions
That lie behind the things our eyes may see.

Some souls are like the clouds in upper air, That see the sun when from the world he hides His glowing face. They catch the light divine That from the face of God shines down to men, Reflecting far His glory in their lives;
While others, living on a lower plane,
Noting the beauty that such souls reflect,
Drawn from the source of light and life and love,
Look up to these, and from their lamps of grace
Catch golden gleams of love to light them home.

Then, if at times, from our low point of view, We may not see His ever gracious face, We'll trust Him still, and looking to the light That flames from other souls divinely 'lumed, Know that God is and that they shine by Him.

The Southern Moon

THE moon rides high in the southern sky,
And as she her path to the zenith takes,
Around us the round black shadows fall
From the tufted tops of the palm-trees tall;
The waving moss in the light breeze shakes,
While the moon rides high.

High rides the moon as the sun at noon.
From her pathway exalted looking down,
She sees, 'neath the trees, how to and fro
The lovers of moonlight walking go
Through quiet streets of the quaint old town,
As high rides the moon.

The moon rides high in the southern sky,
And we wander down to the river-side.
Each tiny wave on Halifax stream,
With her golden reflection all agleam,
Is hurrying on to meet the tide,
While the moon rides high.

She smiles on high in the vaulted sky,
And the heart of the distant ocean thrills.
We hear the sound of his plashing waves,
As the tide sweeps in from his salt-sea caves.
The spirit of joy his bosom fills
When she smiles on high.

The moon rides high in the southern sky.

From the dizziest path she does not shrink,

No step nor stop in her way sublime;

We watch her up to the zenith climb,

As we sit and think by the river's brink

While she mounts on high.

Above us on high, queen of the sky, She rides in her beautiful golden car. A soft effulgence she raineth down Over the river and over the town, And in our hearts there shineth a star While she climbs the sky.

We sit and think by the river's brink
Of friends who have gone on a journey far;
Eye may not follow their distant flight;
Yet our hearts are warmed by the love and light
Shining for us wherever they are.
Of them we think.

Of them we think by the river's brink
In the mellow light of the southern moon.
Each wave of memory still doth bear
The unfading face of some loved one fair,
Who bade us farewell, alas! too soon
At the river's brink.

For them we yearn, and our spirits turn
Where the beautiful star of hope doth rise
With a softer light than the southern moon,
A more cheering light than the sun at noon.
In the spirit's vision of Paradise
That star doth burn.

Divine Love

THE love that in our hearts doth glow God's love for us doth ever show; Our souls reflect His beauty bright Whene'er they shine with love and light.

The joys that human life illume From Fount of joy must ever come; And all of beauty here below From out the Fount of beauty flow.

Eternal Fount of beauty bright, Source of eternal love and light, How wonderful that love of Thine When human love is so divine!

Sonnets of the Sea

The Sea and Human Life

YE bounding waves, that in the morning light Leap high to kiss the newly risen sun, How like to youthful spirits fair and bright Ecstatic looking on life just begun.

Majestic sea, 'neath blazing sun of noon,
Thou still art like our changing human life;
Peaceful or tempest-tossed, or late or soon,
Reflecting both its glory and its strife.

O sobbing sea, along the shadowy shore
Making thy moan when shining sun hath set,
How like to life when hope is seen no more,
And pain and sorrow the sad spirit fret!

Mysterious sea, we but thy moods do scan; E'en so we view the deeper life of man.

Faith and the Sea-bird

The fearless sea-bird spreadeth gladsome wing
For flight to distant rock begirt with foam,
Where with his mate and younglings he may sing
Of dangers passed and safe arrival home.

Against the clouds I see his white wings shine;
The tempest awes him not, nor stays his flight.
His course he keeps high o'er the billowy brine;
Love is his guide, and love will guide aright.

Oh, had I courage as the sea-bird hath
The tempest's wrath to face, nor fear its power;
Had I the faith by which he sees his path
And steers his course throughout the stormy
hour,

My spirit high o'er tempest-beaten foam Should joyous rise, and seek its native home.

The Undertone of Life

Nature hath music for each various mood;
Blithe songs of joy the rippling brooklets
sing;

With carols Zephyr wakes the dreaming wood To welcome the return of jocund Spring.

High-sounding anthems rolling on the shore Our sober thoughts and graver moods command,

When long sea-waves their foaming waters pour In rich libations on the echoing strand.

But Zephyr's song that wakes the wood doth keep A sound of sighing ever in its tone.

The mighty diapason of the deep

Through all its grandeur still doth sob and moan.

Through life's glad song there runs a minor strain Like undertone of waves that lash the main.

"Thy Judgments Are a Great Deep"

Thy judgments, Lord, are an unfathomed deep,
A sea which human plummets may not sound;
The surging waves that o'er its surface sweep
Teach us but little of its depths profound.

Yet this we know: Thine own almighty hand Doth in its hollow hold those restless waves; Souls sin-submerged Thou yet wilt bring to land From out the mystery of their deep-sea graves.

Mercy and judgment are but one with Thee.
Thy mercy is as fathomless as sure.
When judgments fall we still will worship Thee,
Nor deem Thy love in aught the less secure.

Thy judgments grant us, Lord, from day to day. For judgments, as for mercies, we would pray.

Sunset at Sea

The sky is dark, with clouds like gloomy pall Stretching through heaven, save in the waiting west

An open space, wherein the sun must fall In journeying onward to his nightly rest.

A little cloud, like golden-petaled rose,
A censer swings 'twixt darkness and the sea.
Its perfume o'er my grateful spirit flows,
My being bathes in heavenly ecstasy.

Down comes the sun. His glowing face is rimmed With dazzling light. He floods the sea with gold, And on its dancing wavelets he hath limned Reflections of his glory manifold.

The sea of life lies dark 'neath fear of night; God's love shines forth thereon, and all is bright.

Night at Sea

From the high heaven where they shine afar, Upon the inky waves there falls no gleam Of light from silvery moon or twinkling star; O'er raging ocean darkness reigns supreme.

Thick darkness, that no human eye can pierce, In fold on fold enwraps our good ship round; While the loud dashing of the waters fierce Falls on the ear with threat'ning fateful sound.

Ah, yet, the helmsman knows the course to steer To reach the haven of our hope afar.

His faithful compass, through the darkness drear, Still feels the drawing of its own loved star.

O spirit, faithful to the heavenly light, Why shouldst thou fear the storm-cloud and the night?

Separation and the Sea

Wild restless waves, rolling from shore to shore, How wide ye lie between my friend and me!

Ye joy in separation, rush and roar As if in league with my calamity.

O distance vast! I cannot bridge it o'er With sight of eye or hearing of the ear.

I look and listen vainly ever more

To see one smile, one word of love to hear.

Yet still I know that on a distant strand, Watching and waiting, bides my heart's true friend.

Thou only pathway to that longed for land, Where I shall meet a welcome without end.

No more I'll call thee separating sea, Thou reuniter of my love and me.

Magic Bells of Christmas

CHRISTMAS morn once more is here—
Christmas morn, forever dear;
At my window I sit in my easy chair,
And I listen for the bells
Whose sweet music always tells
Of a time when all the world was bright and fair.

As I listen, heart and ear,
For the tones I love to hear,
Hark! upon the vibrant air their silvery chime!
Straightway in the long ago
I am dancing to and fro
In the memory of a far-off Christmas time.

Now in joy I feel the beat
Of my dainty little feet.
Blithesome time they keep to music of the bells;
And as each resounding note
O'er the Christmas air doth float,
How my tiny heart with bounding gladness swells!

At a window near the street
I keep watch of horses fleet
That are taking happy people into town;
While the "feather-beds" on high—
"The old woman of the sky"—
Shakes until the Christmas air is full of down.

I'm a gladsome little child;
Mother's eyes so dark and mild
Beam upon me as her loving smile I seek;
And I climb upon a knee
Always waiting—just for me,
And feel father's Christmas kiss upon my cheek.

Now the charming story old
Of the baby I am told
That in Bethlehem was born on Christmas day;
How as bright as morning star
Shining angels from afar
Sang his birth-song, then to heaven flew away.

And that if I'm very good,
Never naughty, never rude,
I may follow where the blessed angels meet;
And that sometime up in heaven
Unto me it will be given
To see Jesus, and to clasp His shining feet.

Oh, that Christmas long ago!
I love its mem'ry so
That I sometimes feel that it would richly pay
Back to pass through all life's pain,
Just to be a child again
In my father's loving arms on Christmas day.

Magic bells of Christmas time,
Ring aloud your merry chime;
In my heart shall ever sound a glad amen,
Until, some day, by and by,
In our Father's house on high,
I shall find myself a little child again.

Ormond by the Sea

THE wind was fresh and the tide was low When we drove from "Ormond by the Sea"; The sky was blue and the clouds were white And the ocean veiled in mystery.

The horizon-line far out at sea
Seemed the purple rim of a blue-green bowl;
And the sea-wine foamed as the dancing light
From cerulean heavens played o'er the whole.

The dancing light on the dancing waves
Made rainbow tints to come and go,
As the white-capped breakers reared their heads,
Then doffed their caps to the sea-sands low.

No sail was in sight, no smallest boat,
No thing that was made by man saw we:
God's sky above, and before us spread
His ocean in all its majesty.

Christmas, 1900

HAIL, rosy morn! bright usher of the day
We celebrate with gifts and prayer and song,
In memory of Babe in manger born,
What time sweet peace was hymned by angel choir
And Bethlehem's plain with heavenly light did
flame,

While humble shepherds listened to the song Rolling through starry spaces of the sky,—"Peace, peace on earth": they wondered at the word,

While wise men from afar did seek their Lord.

"Peace, peace on earth": that song can never die;
Its echo rolls the centuries along;
It still doth prophesy. Fulfillment waits

It still doth prophesy. Fulfillment waits
On time. The hearts of men, so cold and dumb,
Respond not. Brother makes war on brother.
In lands afar to heaven ascends a cry
Of failing hope; and anguish and despair
Do sit on faces where the smile of love
Was wont to play. Mothers behold their sons
Butchered before their eyes, while children flee
From burning homes and from the soldier's wrath,
And in the jungle deep lie down to die,

Making their beds with creatures of the mire,
To escape the Christian (?) hero's sword and fire.
We may not keep the blessed Christmas feast
Without a thought for those who suffer wrong,
Pale hands of supplication lift to heaven,
Breathing our Christmas words upon the air—
"Peace, peace on earth"—but not a song—a
prayer.

Yet better 'twere to be in land of woe,
Crushed by the heel of tyrant, than to be
That tyrant on his throne of ill-used power.
Better to lift despairing cry to heaven,
To pray for peace, and with that prayer to pass
Beyond the power of prideful potentate,
To where the prayer once more becomes a song,
Than sit on chair of state or royal throne
This Christmas day, and the dear Christ disown.

O loving Christ! such naming thy sweet name Give gifts to-day. Clothed in self-righteousness, They stand at altars dedicate to thee, Join in the words of the glad angel song—"Peace, peace on earth"—and chase the prayers along, Unheeding that thou, Christ, with voice of pain Askest, "Where is thy brother, cruel Cain?"

I may not read their hearts, but this I know,
That were my hand upraised to scatter fire
And woe and vengeance o'er a suff'ring land,
I could not celebrate this Christmas day;
Thy name I could not take upon my lips,
Nor call Thee Master, gentlest Son of God,
Sweet brother of all those who suffer pain.
They tell me Thou art in the fire and sword,
That Gatling guns Thy blessed gospel preach,
That peace on earth can surely never come
Until the strong have conquered all the weak.
O Thou whose life did naught but love proclaim,
What giant lies are uttered in Thy name!

Right still hath might, and love shall conquer hate;

Above the smoke of battle stars still shine;
As God is over all, peace yet shall reign.
For, though the blessed vision tarry long,
Fulfillment comes, nor yet in vain the prayer—
"Send peace on earth." Again shall break the
song

Of gladness over hill and plain. That song
By angels sung so long ago shall find
Response in hearts of men, for love must win,
Right rule o'er might, and righteousness o'er
sin.

Then let the bells of "Merry Christmas" ring A chime of hope. Though clouds are in the air, The eye of faith can pierce their ebon gloom. The heart of love still beats in unison With voice of angel and of morning star. "Peace, peace on earth," we still in faith must

Until the prayer becomes a rapturous song, When war's wild clamor in the earth shall cease, And ev'ry human voice shall sing of peace.

A Rhyme of the Road

OLD town in the westland, look merry and bright!
Your high towers blossom with garlands of light!
Your river run gayer than ever before,
And sparkle and dance 'neath the lights on the shore,

For father and mother are starting this way, And leave you behind at the close of the day.

Do your gayest and best, then, O "City of Straits,"

In the name of the joy that their coming awaits. Let your bright lights shine down where the swift waters dance

With a gracious "God speed" in their eloquent glance.

Ah, now they have started; the journey's begun—God keep the swift train till the journey be done!

With an ear toward the engine, an eye to the rear, A hand that is helpful, a face full of cheer,

Do your best, my good brakeman, through country and town;

Look alive when the engineer whistles "brakes down";

Be kindness itself in whatever you say, For father and mother are riding this way. Not a lover of battles my hero shall be; No straps on the shoulder prove greatness to me. Sing of Sampson, and Schley, and of Dewey who will—

My hero's the man who will save life, not kill; And often he watches with eye, hand, and brain, The long road ahead of his fast-flying train.

With his hand on the throttle, his eye on the track, All night he looks forward, scarce once looking back. He dares the black midnight and cleaves it in twain With his star-jeweled sword, the swift flashing train. How it sweeps through the valley and leaps o'er the plain

Till, at last, both darkness and distance are slain! With his hand on the lever he laughs them to scorn. For, see! in the east a new morning is born, And this hero of heroes, my hero sublime, Brings his passengers safe, his train in on time. Sharp lookout ahead! draw the lever aright! Dear father and mother are riding to-night. This way they are riding; our hearts beat in time To whirr of the wheels in their mad rushing rhyme. We look, and we listen, and afar down the track The engine's "chug-chug" and the whistle sound back.

We look, and we listen, and behold, far away, The train bringing father and mother this way. Yes, the "chug-chug" and whistle, we hear them at last;

We wait on the platform, the engine slows past. Ah! there stands my hero, triumphant and grand, Controlling the engine by touch of his hand.

On his broad brawny shoulders no epaulettes

No lover of battles this hero of mine;

His hands are not reddened by blood of the slain, But blackened and grimed by the dust of the train.

His face it is cheerful, his heart it is mild, He brings the dear father safe home to his child; And I whisper, "God bless him who brightened our day

By bringing dear father and mother this way!"

Now the motion has ceased, the train standing still, We rush down the platform, nor tarry until We behold at a window the faces so dear Of father and mother. Thank God! they are here!

They are here! they are here! yes, we have them at last!

We have and we hold them, the long waiting past; We have and we hold them; while without delay Right on speeds the hero who brought them this way.

For Eightieth Birthday of S. S. W.

STANDING in the light of the rising day, We wonder whether the noon will be bright, And the evening bathed in roseate light, Or lowering clouds hide each golden ray.

Joyous and sweet is the morning of life,
And the toil of its noon hath a gladsome part;
But happy indeed is the trusting heart
That in peace can wait the end of the strife.

Sweetly the birds sing in the glad sunlight;
But more beautiful far than songs of day
Are the thrilling notes of that bird whose lay
Melodiously welcomes the shades of night.

The music that rings from the harp of youth
Is set to the time of the young heart's bound;
But the harp that in age can sweetly sound
Hath in it as much the spirit of truth.

Since He who loves us in life's merry May
Will care for us still; and, safe on His breast,
Though wintry winds blow we may sweetly rest.
His love gives both spring and December gray.

Things seem, and are not what thy seem alway, Shade but adds beauty to the sunshine bright; And what we deem the gates of darksome night May prove but portals of a shining day.

With joy then let us greet his natal morn
Who fourscore years of life has safely passed,
Hoping that Peace may crown him to the last,
And smiling Hope his cheerful age adorn.

New-Year

TEW-YEAR, New-Year, Why come you here?"
"I come to walk with you, my dear."

"And where, oh where Shall we two fare? Through paths of peace or ways of care?"

He doth not say, But finger on his lips doth lay, As through the mists he leads the way.

A Reverie

I NEAR the borders of the shores of Time, And hear the waves of that remorseless sea That beat and break in undulating rhyme Between my earth-home and the world to be.

Before me stretches the unfathomed deep,
Abysmal caves where fancied monsters dwell,
Drinking the tears that loving mourners weep,
Chanting the requiems of death and hell.

Behind me all the sunlit hills of life
Rise in their beauty over vales divine.
"O life!" I cry, "even thy toil and strife
Were welcome, if I yet might call thee mine."

Alas! I cannot turn my weary feet
To tread again the paths I loved of yore.
My journey, ever fleeter and more fleet,
Leads to the misty line of that dim shore,

Whither all feet that walk the earth must come.
The aged men, and children glad and gay,
Must all embark for the eternal home,
O'er this tempestuous and dreaded way.

Close to the water's edge they throng the shore;
I hear the roar of breakers low and deep;
One longing earthward look and all is o'er —
I can but stretch my hands to heaven and weep.

They come not back, the loving, true, and tried— They come not back, the sordid and the mean; Love, loyalty, truth, wretchedness, and pride Alike engulfed in the unknown, unseen.

Yet, ever and anon, I mark a face
That brightens as it nears the stormy brink—
A form that comes with rare and radiant grace
To that dread bound from which so many shrink.

Illumined by a never-fading ray,

The light of love divine, that flames within,

Making the spirit in earth's darkest day

A victor over selfishness and sin,

They near the confines of this mortal land,
Nor fear to meet the boatman grim and stern,
But, smiling still, clasp his extended hand,
And in his mission God's own love discern.

On such great faith I lean my weaker heart,
In such great love my saddened soul I sun,
Pray God that I may do my little part
To help the world, and when my work is done,

When by the threat'ning wave at last I stand, And in the darkness hear the muffled oar, And feel the clasp of the extended hand, I may not fear or dread the deep sea's roar.

I know full well, in dark and day the same, God's love forever more must steadfast be, And when the bark whereon is writ my name Shall come to bear me o'er the seething sea,

That Love shall sit as Pilot at the helm,
To guide my bark to lands of heavenly rest,
Where naught of sin or sorrow can o'erwhelm,
And I shall meet again the loved and blest.

Retrospect

BY faith we climb the rugged steeps of life, The path above us veiled from every sense; Yet on each step that marks the upward strife The hand of God hath written "Providence."

We cannot read the message as we climb,
Inverted to our forward-searching eyes,
But, turning, lo, we see the word sublime
Our Father's hand hath writ to make us wise.

O fainting soul, seeking to know thy God, The future holds Him, but thou canst not see; Glance backward o'er the path that thou has trod, And thou shalt know He ever walks with thee.

Thus Moses in the mount of vision saw, "When He had passed," Jah-veh who gave the Law.

The Law of Love

THEN take me to thy heart to have and hold, Not for thy good alone, but also mine. Myself in trust I give, nor do withhold Aught of the gift. Behold, the whole is thine.

And think not thou the gift so free bestowed
Is valueless because it comes unsought,
With nought required as if a debt were owed.
Love hath but one exchange, and ne'er is bought.

That one exchange requireth love for love;
An equal giving equal joy doth give.
When heart in heart reposeth we may prove
How sweet a thing it is for love to live.

Exchange, then, love for love and heart for heart; Thus each of other shall become a part.

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Under the Maples

SOFT on the grass the shimmering sunbeams fall,

Where in the village churchyard sleep the dead; And soft the gentle shadows, too, are spread In equal tenderness o'er great and small. The waving branches of the maples tall Weave fairy patterns on each lowly bed. Sunshine and shadow are together wed To make a common glory over all.

Ah, golden maples, glad at heart am I
To sit enwrapped in Autumn's tender glow,
To watch your falling leaves and learn to know
The more they fall the clearer shines my sky.
E'en so heaven brightens as I older grow,
And golden hopes of earthly blessing fly.

The Daisy

O DAISY, smiling from the sod, So lovely and so lowly, Thou wakest in me gentle thoughts Most beautiful and holy.

The rose upon her prickly stalk
Looks down upon the grasses,
And flames with pride to think her hue
Thy softer tints surpasses.

He who would pluck the rose must dare The cruel thorn's resistance; And wiser is if still content To love her at a distance.

No thorns protect thy tender stem,
And he may pluck who loves thee;
The pattern of thy robe thou hast
From the sweet stars above thee.

Thou art my teacher and my friend,
Since unto thee is given
To show me that the humblest souls
Look straightest into heaven.

The poets all have sung thy praise; Thou art their pet and dearie; And "daisy," "daisy," is the name Of which they never weary.

Then pardon, daisy, my poor song:
My love can know no fetter,
But would I voice my loving thoughts,
Some one hath sung them better.

Thou humble star-child of the grass,
I'll humbly lie beside thee,
And learn from thee to look toward heaven
Whatever may betide me.

The Coming of the Queen

THE misty gauze of twilight fell, A garment over hill and dell; Night's twinkling eyes began to peep From out the sky's ethereal deep.

Then Luna came with stately grace To find in heaven her own true place; And as she came each twinkling eye Half closed to see the queen go by.

Awhile above the sleeping town She rested on a bed of down, With snow-white pillows 'neath her head And fluffy laces o'er her spread.

The sky took on a softer hue When from her rest she rose anew; And every modest little star Seemed to withdraw itself afar.

E'en Venus doffed her gay attire, And Mars laid off his coat of fire. Resplendent in her robe of light Fair Luna reigned, the queen of night.

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At Laurium

THERE was a forest once in "auld lang syne," And memory claims it now and always mine. There in the spring-time of the long ago
The arbutus I found beneath the snow.

The arbutus, that darling flower and brave, The first to blossom on stern winter's grave, Whose pink-tipped waxen blooms to me did seem Sweeter than lover's tale or poet's dream.

Then, later, when these waxen blooms had fled, I found the blue-eyed violet instead.

Oft have I watched these timid flowers and meek With golden sunbeams play at hide and seek,

While in the waving branches far above, The mating birds poured forth their songs of love. Fragrance and music filled each passing breeze That blew beneath my well-loved forest trees.

Ah, that was long ago. Those stately trees
No more wave moss-clad branches in the breeze
The arbutus with balmy blossoms sweet
No longer hastens early Spring to greet.

The violets were scattered long ago, And ev'ry mossy bed they used to know; Yet still I seem to see their blue eyes shine, And from those mossy beds look up to mine.

My forest path, — long since a city street, — Now echoes to the tread of many feet; Where woodland warbler poured his merry song, Discordant sounds of traffic roll along.

Amongst the crowd, alien, I walk alone; My heart is sad with grieving for its own— Its own loved forest, fragrant flower, sweet bird, The beauty once enjoyed, the song once heard.

Yet wherefore grieve? The best of each will stay To bless my life through ev'ry coming day; All that was mine forever mine shall be, Stored in the treasure-vaults of memory.

Off the Azores

SIX days we sail
Through sun and gale—
Six days from our dear homeland,
Where each dark night
The Boston Light
Shines o'er the "gilded dome" land.

The sea so nigh,
The sky so high,
We long for terra firma;
And any land
That comes to hand
Is welcome, be it Burmah.

Soon we will reach
Some sunny beach;
For, as in haste to greet us,
Red toes upcurled,
Wide wings unfurled,
The gulls come forth to meet us.

Around the stern
They flash and turn,
Then take a dip to leeward;
Their vests of white
Shine in the light,
Their red beaks pointing seaward.

'Tis said that they
From far away
Scent the good ship's provisions;
And on their rock
The whole great flock
Arrive at like decisions.

His pointed wings
Each sea-gull flings
Wide open to the breezes;
For when a stray
Ship comes his way,
His chance he always seizes.

And thus we know
That soon will show
From out the mists the dry land;
St. Michael's name
Adorns the same,
And 'tis a lovely island.

Straight on our bow
Behold it now,
Its palms toward heaven raising,
As if in glee
To think that we
Are on its beauties gazing.

Tall hills arise
'Neath blue, blue skies,
All robed in sunshine splendor,
While verdant vales
And drowsy dales
Bathe in their shadows tender.

O hills that rise
'Neath azure skies,
To-day so bright and glorious,
How may ye be
When o'er the sea
The Storm-king reigns victorious?

Beauty to-day
Your mood doth sway;
Ye fill my heart with wonder;
But when storms beat
At your proud feet,
And o'er you rolls the thunder,

I'd rather stay
Far, far away,
Where Boston's dome is shining;
Where friendship's beam
And fireside gleam
In one their light are twining.

Mackinac Straits

How they sparkle, gleam and glance In their merry, merry dance! Flashing, plashing, winking, blinking, On they go, nor ever thinking How the fair and gladsome sight Fills my spirit with delight.

From the rising of the sun,
Till the joyous day is done,
Ever springing toward the blue,
Showing heaven's colors true,
Springing, singing, onward winging,
To my mind fair fancies bringing,
As they lightly dance and run
Underneath the summer sun.

Underneath the summer sun How the wavelets dance and run! Catching million rays of light, — Making each a diamond bright, — Chasing, racing, racing, chasing, Sadness from the heart effacing, As beneath the summer sun They in gladness dance and run.

The Rainbow at the Prow

SKIES have cleared and sun is shining; Mermaids now their locks are twining; We are sailing, sailing now With a rainbow at our prow.

Not a sign of ship to larboard, Not a sail in sight to starboard, Not a whale to bow or stern— Nothing whate'er way we turn. Father, mother, son and daughter Can see only water, water.

Yet the sea hath many faces, Taketh to himself such graces, That we watch and never weary Even when he looketh eerie.

Now the waves are chasing after Our good ship with roaring laughter; See them flash and foam and scurry, As if in a mortal hurry; How they toss their locks in glee, As they ride the deep blue sea!

Now again they turn to meet us, As they were in haste to greet us. Lo! they rise like giant mountains Lifted up from deep-sea fountains— Rise and pour their rich libations O'er this pathway of the nations.

Now, we climb the seething billows; Now, we rest on sea-foam pillows; Now, the spray o'er deck is dashing As the boiling waves come plashing.

But the good ship, still advancing, Where the sea-god's steeds are prancing, Through the rising billows pusheth; Onward, onward ever rusheth. Heaven's smile is on her now, And a rainbow at her prow.

How I Shook the Sheikh.

IN Cairo streets I strolled one day,
When suddenly across my way
A vision rose my steps to stay
With, "Sheikh, me Sheikh."

Indignantly I turned away:
"I will not shake you, Sheikh, to-day,
Lest forty fleas should shake my way—
I'll shake no Sheikh."

Persistently he still did stand, And barred the way on either hand, Still uttering the strange command, "Sheikh, Sheikh, me Sheikh."

At last I thought: "He does not make This strange demand that I should take Him bodily, and thus should shake—
There's some mistake.

"Perhaps, for sacred friendship's sake,
He wishes me his hand to take;
But even that would make me quake—
I'll shake no Sheikh."

I tried my reasons to explain — I tried with all my might and main;

But all my efforts were in vain To move that Sheikh.

Then Hassan Omar came to say:
"In Egypt, it is quite the way
Some small piasters for to pay
To shake the Sheikh."

Advice of Hassan then I took:
The contents of my purse I shook
In outstretched hand of smiling crook —
The Sheikh I shook.

Uncle Sam's Confession

YES, I had a lot of children
And I sent them off to school,
Thinking that among the number
There was not a single fool.
I thought that an education
Would be the best of dower,
And I fancied our great country
Was already a "world power."

But the boys have taught me better,
And I might as well relate
How, of all my fogy notions,
This has had the hardest fate.
They have demonstrated plainly
That we are not the flower
Of the nations of the earth,
Nor a genuine "world power."

One scion of my race, by whom
I have always set much store,
Went off to school in Italy,—
Far-famed land of classic lore,—
Where they pay a tax on sugar,
And where salt is very dear,
Where people live in poverty,
And in ignorance and fear.

Where they dine on macaroni,
And drink wine that's very sour,
All to pay the strutting soldier,
And to be a "great world power."

With his costly education,
When at last I had him back,
He was all for ammunition,
And a package of hardtack;
And if ever I opposed him,
At my notions he would glower,
Crying, "Daddy, we're not in it—
We must be a great world power."

Just to have one polished member
In the firm of U. S. A.,
Another son I kept in France
Many and many a day.
There he learned to shrug his shoulders,
Likewise how to flirt and dance,
That is what they mean by "polish"
In the sunny land of France;
Where one's duty does not matter,
But where glory's all the rage;
Where puppet soldiers learn to strut
Up and down a puppet stage.
When he, too, returned to greet me,
He looked very smart but sour,

And he cried, as cried his brother, "We must be a great world power."

Still I hoped the son from Deutschland Would my fogy notions save; When he left the roof paternal He was dignified and grave, And I thought I knew for certain That he wouldn't like the way German cows draw home the wagons While the women pitch the hay; And the great strong men, the soldiers, Go parading up and down, Only ready to do battle For the Kaiser and his crown. But, alas, my fogy notions He opposed each day and hour, Crying, "Daddy, dearest daddy, Let us be a great world power."

Vainly I have tried to show him,

Though the rich have all things nice,
There the poor are even poorer

Than the poorest of church mice,
While the army of the Kaiser

Is augmented ev'ry hour
That the empire may continue

Still to be a "great world power."

Last of all came home to vex me
Little Yankee Doodle Sam,
Who before he went to England
Was as happy as a clam,
Loved his daddy, praised his country;
Now pours sorrow in my cup,
For whene'er it rains in London
He must turn his trousers up,
And in humble imitation
Of his uncle, Johnny Bull,
Longs to teach some weaker nation
What he learned in British school.

There was a time when England
Seemed to have a sense of right;
It was after I had taught her
How for freedom I could fight.
Then she learned of truth and justice
From her son across the sea.
Alas, again the table's turned,
And she now is teaching me.
High above all modern nations
Her ambition is to tower,
And be by hook, or crook, or both,
The one dominant "world power."

I and the boys are "in it" now, And we never can turn back Till in U. S. A. each woman
Bears a soldier on her back;
Till our glorious spread eagle,
By our proud example stirred,
Has unnested and unfeathered
Ev'ry squirming smaller bird
That, on seeing his ambition
And his exaltation high,
Has in noble emulation
Spread his wings and sought to fly.

My family is "in it" now—
Yes, and we are in to stay,
For I must uphold my children,
Even in their wicked way.
Little men, black, brown, or yellow,
Little men—none are too small—
If they have a love of freedom,
Bring them on: I'll fight them all!

For at last I have decided,
From this very day and hour,
To please the boys I'll make an effort
To become a "great world power."

The Presidential Bee

THE presidential bee went through the country up and down;

It saw a handsome bonnet and alighted on the crown. It buzzed and buzzed away thereon until it nearly died;

But for all its busy buzzing it could not get inside.

The wearer of the bonnet was a patriot indeed,

And served his country nobly in her hour of greatest need;

He was not in search of honors, this soldier of renown,

So took the bonnet off and shook the busy buzzer down.

The presidential bee flew off, still buzzing with a will,—

This insect pest that never has been known to be quite still,—

And many were the bonnets where its teasing tones were heard,

Also many were the hearts by its busy buzzing stirred.

It buzzed within the bonnets of all sorts of men—
this bee—

At last it came to one who gained his fame upon the sea.

When it got inside his bonnet and found the sailor's ear,

The way it kept a-buzzing was ridiculous to hear.

And very soon the buzzer's song had reached the sailor's heart;

He vowed that from the buzzing bee he never more would part;

While a busy buzzing lady sat on the other side; An echo of the buzzing from her pretty mouth did glide.

Which the voice, of bee or lady, the sailor could not tell.

The insect being jealous, this is really what befell: The busy buzzer stung him until he was nearly

dead;
For instead of in his bonnet 'twas buzzing in his head.

The presidential bee still goes a-buzzing up and down,

Seeking always for the bonnets of men of high renown,

Some it stings and some it flatters, some with its noise are vexed,

While constantly we wonder who will be the victim next.

Song of the American Freemen

WE will follow with the fathers—
We are free.
We will follow them in glory,
Nor will we
At the beck of any tyrant
Bend the knee.

Lust of power shall not enslave us — We are free.

Love of gold shall not enchain us, Nor will we

To these phantom baubles ever Bend the knee.

Party power shall not restrain us— We are free.

Party whips may flash before us, Yet will we

To no party bosses ever Bend the knee.

O the trusts, we will not trust them — We are free.

What the worship is of Mammon Well know we.

To this golden god we'll never Bend the knee.

From the trustless trusts forever Keep us free.

From the tyranny of Mammon, Lord, may we

Still be kept, and to Thee only Bend the knee.

And the men who once did trust us, Over sea,

We will work that we may make them Glad and free.

We will forge no chain, nor bid them Bend the knee.

Little men may call us "traitors" — What care we?

They who hate and hurt their brethren Traitors be.

Traitors they who to the wrong shall Bend the knee.

"Right not might" shall be our watchword — We are free.

"God our Father," "Man our brother,"
These shall be

Words that thrill our spirits when we Bend the knee.

For Washington's Birthday Celebration, 1902

On Board S.S. "Commonwealth"

FAR from our native land,
Soon on a foreign strand
Our steps will be;
But let each patriot heart,
Ere we are called to part,
In this agree:
That noble Washington,
Our country's greatest son,
Shall honored be.

Exalt his gracious name,
And bid the patriot flame
That in him burned
Shine forth in sire and son,
Till every cause be won
For which he yearned;
And every ill laid low
Which in his heart we know
He would have spurned.

The city of his name Commemorates his fame With shaft of white.
High o'er Potomac's shore
It rises evermore
Into the light:
Fit symbol of his life
Who still, in calm or strife,
Stood firm for right.

There let it ever rise
Beneath the southern skies
He loved so well.
May it all hearts command,
In our dear fatherland,
Where patriots dwell;
And as, 'neath skies of blue,
Toward heaven it points so true,
His message tell.

That message—liberty for one and all, Not for his own, Alone, But serving freedom of a larger kind, His heart was thrall To liberty for all.

A man of conscience and exalted mind; A man with breadth to love all humankind; Not striving for the glory of a name, Not caring for the elusive bauble, fame, But staunch and true
'Gainst all the winds that blew,
He stood serene,
Marking the temperate mean
Of balanced mind.

The emperor Trajan in imperial Rome Raised for himself a brazen column high, Enwound with scroll on scroll telling of victory

O'er heathen tribes afar.
The kings of lesser lands
Grace his triumphal car;
And, bound in slavery's bands,
Men, freemen born,
By the great conqueror torn
From their own native home,
Follow to die in Rome.

These things the scrolls relate;
On Trajan's column ever broodeth hate.
But Washington,
Kind husband, reverent son,
Made home a joy,
And then made country home.

His mission was to build, not to destroy, As had been done by emperors of Rome. And when at last From earthly home And native land he passed, His life-work o'er,

The monument a grateful people raised no warlike symbol wore;

That pure white shaft shows forth the character he bore.

High over party discord, hate, and slavish fear His great soul rose to heaven, bright and clear As shining star; And to the world below, still from afar, Cries, "Hail! Good cheer!"

The sun of rightousness upon him shone; He made its beams his own; And whiter than the shaft that bears his name Shines his eternal fame.

And though the seas we roam
Far from our dear loved home,
This day that gave him birth,
This day that gave to earth
Her noble son,
We will remember still—
Still praise his matchless worth,
And claim him with a will—
Our Washington.

Easter Hymn

HAIL, gladdest of glad days!
To thee triumphant praise
E'en nature brings.
Through valley and o'er hill,
In every dancing rill,
In human hearts that thrill,
Her clear voice rings.

Jesus, by might of love,
Lifts every heart above
On this glad day.
From thoughts with passions rife,
From earthly care and strife,
To the eternal life,
He leads the way.

From Death's dread tyranny,
Toward immortality,
The glorious prize,
Touched by the heavenly fire,
Freed from all low desire,
Our longing souls aspire
With Him to rise.

Father, by power divine, Oh, help us wholly Thine Ever to be, Till, sin and sorrow past, We reach the joys Thou hast For those who find at last Their home in Thee.

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM, throned on Mount Zion, Thou sittest a queen even yet, But a queen in the garments of mourning For glory thou canst not forget.

In the place where the holy shekinah Once shone in thy temple so grand, And thy incense arose to Jehovah, The mosques of the Islamite stand.

Yet, as from the far hillside we view thee,—
The low-lying valley between,—
We imagine the glory and grandeur
Of wonderful days thou hast seen;

When the now barren hills of Judea
Were terraced from summit to base,
And the vine and the olive and fig-tree
Enrobed them with exquisite grace;

When in all the fair gardens about thee
The palm waved its wide fronded leaves,
And at harvest thy maids went out singing
To bind up the rich golden sheaves;

While below in its valley the Kedron From Siloam led toward the sea, Now all sparkling and bright in the sunlight, Now lost 'neath the dark olive-tree. And forever it sang as it journeyed, In tremulous voice soft and clear, A sweet song that the listening olives Bent low o'er its margin to hear.

Thou didst sing that same song, little river,
For One who in days long ago
May have paused 'neath the trees on thy margin
To list to thy musical flow;

May have seen in thy swift-flowing waters,
Reflecting the azure above,
How the turbulent tides of affliction
Aye mirror the beauty of love.

Though we list now, no murmurous music Steals up from the valley below, Since in grief for thy hillsides denuded Thou didst weep thyself dry long ago.

How ye thrill us, ye mountains and valleys, And streams that the Saviour hath seen! Ye lead back to the days of His presence Through centuries rolling between.

And as down from the Mountain of Olives We descend, to re-enter thy gate, O Jerusalem, loved of the Master, We mourn for thy ruined estate. As we climb up the steeps of Mount Zion
The shadows behind us fast fall;
And soon night, too, has climbed from the valley,
And darkness is reigning o'er all.

From Jerusalem to Nazareth

WE have seen where the Babe of the manger Was cradled on Mary's fond breast,
And the place where the home of the sisters
Once offered the weary One rest.
We have been to the Mountain of Olives,
The garden so sacred and sad,
And the tomb from whose rock-darkened portal
The angels, triumphant and glad,
In the dew of that beautiful morning,
With hope, love, and blessing impearled,
Rolled the heavy door back on its hinges
And a stone from the heart of the world.

And behold! in a beautiful vision
The land of the blue Galilee,
With its valleys and mountains so sacred,
Is calling, "Come over and see."
Wherefore fear we the rough mountain passes?
Why heed we the storm or the cold?
We but follow the paths that the Master
In weariness traversed of old.
The flowers by our pathway are springing
'Mongst rocks where his sandals have trod,
Their mute adoration upwinging
To heaven from the eloquent sod.

And the fountains whose musical murmurs
Now fall on the traveler's ear—
These were flowing, to comfort the weary,
The same when our Saviour was here;
While the mountains that rise in their grandeur,
And heavenward point us to-day,
Rose on high in their beauty and brightness
For Him who is Life, Truth, and Way.

Whether bathed in the light on the hill-tops,
Or pitching our tents in the plain,
Every mountain, and valley, and blossom
Brings Jesus before us again.
Our companions at times seem to vanish,
And we are with Jesus alone.
To our hearts He speaks low as we journey;
His voice has the same tender tone
As it had when the woman at Sychar,
Enraptured, gave ear to the word
That proclaims him forever in spirit
Our brother, our teacher, our Lord.

Where the mountains of blessing and cursing
Still tower so majestic and grand,
And from their blank stony eyes forever
Look frowningly down on the land,
Even there all the springs of the valley
Unite in glad tribute to one—

A deep well, type of founts everlasting, As taught by the glorified Son.

With a prayer to the God of our fathers, That we in His spirit may share

Who once taught at this well by the wayside
The truth which alone makes life fair,

Once again we ride on through the valleys
Where Jesus long since must have trod,

Where old orchards of olives their shadows Bestow on the flowers of the sod.

O ye beautiful, beautiful valleys, We love, but we tarry not long —

We must climb from your beauty and verdure To heights where the wicked were strong.

There of old rose the palace of Ahab;

There Baal-worship once found a home;

And there later great Herod played tyrant By grace of imperial Rome.

The gay palace is gone from the hill-top, The idol and tyrant so vain

Are but shadows that fall on the pages Where history writes pride and pain.

Yet in some way the spirit of Ahab Seems strong in his homeland to-day,

As down from the hill of Samaria, Rain-pelted, we ride on our way. Look! Mount Carmel appears in the distance, The ghost of old Ahab retires.

Now the clouds have concluded their weeping, The sun has relighted his fires;

And behold! near Jenin in the valley
Our wonderful home-tents are seen,

Like giant birds their white wings outspreading In peace on the Syrian green.

Up again, in the saddle, and forward; A prophet is holding each rein.

He has come from the Mountain of Carmel To show where the Baal priests were slain.

And we dash through the plain of Esdraelon, And over the plain of Jezreel,

With the wraith of Elijah to lead us, And shade of King Saul close at heel.

Yet again to our hearts comes the vision Of One who was lover of men, As Nazareth's high hills in the distance Remind us of Jesus again.

'Midst these hills was His homeland. Here turned He

When sorrow weighed heavy and sore, And here found for His grief consolation And rest from life's toil and uproar. And shall we then, His loving disciples,
See hills that He loved and not know
That the higher we rise toward the heaven
The humbler in spirit we grow;
And that they who would be, like the Master,
With love and humility crowned,
Must climb up toward His high point of vision,
Not thinking to leap at a bound;
Must toil wearily up toward that summit,
Nor fail on the rough, rugged way—
Must toil wearily onward and upward,
While heaven comes nearer each day.

From Nazareth to the Lake of Galilee

Burst on our view like white and shining star, How weary was the way o'er which we came!
What heights we climbed, still murmuring thy name!

And when at last thy walls and towers were seen, Set round with mountains and embowered with green,

How joyed we one brief day no more to roam, But pitch our tents and call fair Nazareth home.

Thou gem of beauty on the mountain side,
Where Jesus, our dear Master, did abide!
Thy highest height was to His footsteps known,
Thy lowest valley claimed Him for its own!
Thy distant hill-tops heard His voice of prayer,
Thy busy streets echoed His sigh of care!
Oft by thy murmuring fountain hath He strayed,
Here in thy market-place perchance hath played,
A little boy with thoughtful earnest eyes,
Where burned the loving light of Paradise.

Our day at Nazareth, alas! is done, Behind the mountains sleeps the golden sun. We, too, must rest, and to our tents repair With grateful hearts to raise the voice of prayer. Then 'neath the shadows of His hills we sleep, Knowing His angels watch and ward will keep.

Another rosy morn, and up we spring; Our hearts o'erflow with joy, our spirits sing; For ere another weary day be done, Ere sleeps behind the hills another sun, We hope with our own joyful eyes to see The sunlit waves of much-loved Galilee.

The road is long, an early start is made,
And soon upon the hills our cavalcade
Pauses, and for a little time delays
That we once more on Nazareth may gaze,
Once more may see the place of His abode.
Then on we ride over the rocky road
Through neighboring Cana, where the wedding fest
Once claimed our Saviour for its honored guest;
And in our hearts make pictures of the scene
That keeps the name of Cana ever green —
That joyous scene, without a shade of woe,
Where Jesus blessed the marriage long ago.

Brief time have we to spend in this fair place; Toward Galilee we turn with quickened pace; The "Mount of Blessing" rises on our view, Its twin peaks pointing to the azure blue. Through pathless fields and up the rugged steep We urge our faithful steeds their way to keep. On either side the starry flowers look up; A smile lies waiting in each tiny cup To break upon us as we pass to-day—A smile from God to cheer us on our way. The blossoms nod as if, our errand known, To deck our path they purposely had grown.

White golden-centered stars, the daisies stand, And lupines blue are seen on every hand. The "Rose of Sharon" lifts its crimson head, The poppies all arrayed in dazzling red, Purple gladiola, and orchids, too, The yellow gorse and lilies red and blue, And every shade of golden sunny bloom Here give their beauty and their rich perfume.

Beneath them all, the larger growths between,
A tiny blue-eyed flower is ever seen.
To me it seems the sweetest of the throng—
A living note dropped from the sky-lark's song
What time he caroled in the cloudless dome
His joyful melody of love and home.
And still it singeth to the inward ear
A melody that melts the soul to hear—
Still sings of love, and home, and heavenly peace,
Beauty and purity that shall not cease,

But brighter glow when to our 'raptured eyes Shine forth the fadeless flowers of Paradise.

Now higher up the jagged rocks we climb; We near the place where, in the olden time, Such words as man had never heard before Were spoken by our Saviour to the poor:

The poor in spirit blessed, happy they; The pure in heart the Father see each day; The merciful all mercy shall obtain; The persecuted life in heaven shall gain.

Oh, gracious words to cheer a fainting world! Thy banner, Hope, was on this mount unfurled! The humble heart shall hear the message glad; The sorrowful shall be no longer sad.

Again we climb; the highest point is gained. We rest and revel in the view attained. The flowery mountain-side up which we came Was loved by Jesus, and is still the same.

Mount Tabor still lifts high his giant form, Majestic over clouds and valley's storm; 'Twixt heaven and earth it shall forever rise Fit place to don the robes of Paradise. Fondly we turn our longing eyes to see Where to the eastward gleams Lake Galilee— A blue intaglio cut in Syrian plain, Set round about by hill and mountain chain.

Slowly we leave the mount—slowly descend To that loved shore where now our path shall end. What joy is ours! a bliss we may not tell, One happy day beside that lake to dwell, Where Jesus often came, in days of yore, For thirsting souls the wine of life to pour.

Dear Master, let our day by Galilee
Be redolent with loving thoughts of thee;
Thy spirit fill our spirits to the brim,
Till self and selfishness grow far and dim;
Till, on the higher hills of heavenly view,
Our souls, transfigured, rise to life anew—
Rise high o'er earthly strife and care and pain,
To dwell in light where Thou, O Christ, doth reign.

On the Heights

FROM this great mountain, broad and tall, That other mountain looks so small, It hardly seems to rise at all; And yet, when I was in the plain, It gave my soul no little pain To think its top I ne'er might gain. In fact, it took a deal of time, And many a weary, weary climb, Before I reached that height sublime.

Shall I from this high point of view Accept what seems for what is true—Forget the old to seek the new? And on a brother, who below Toils up some steep I used to know, Look with disdain because he's slow?

Or, rather, shall I not my hand Extend to beckon, not command, And on the topmost summit stand, In plainest view, that he may see The way that straightest leads to me, And so to climb strong-hearted be?

The highest heights by me attained Are low indeed, and nothing gained, If from those heights I am not pained At every slip upon the rock, At every fall and every shock, At every break of alpen-stock, That makes the path more danger show, That makes the weary climb more slow, For toilers on the hills below.

Mount San Salvatore

ON the summit of San Salvatore, Lugano below,

And around us Caprino and Brè and peaks covered with snow,

With snow,

While away in the shimmering west, on the furthest sky-line,

Closely wrapped in his glacier coat, Monte Rosa doth shine.

Oh, most beautiful San Salvatore, what views of a world

That is clad in the garments of spring-time from thee are unfurled!

The green arms of the winding Lugano encircle thee round,

As the arms of a lover encircle the bride he hath found:

While the soft fleecy clouds far above lend a veiling of shade

To enhance the rich beauty of robe in which thou art arrayed.

Cool breezes that have traversed the fields of the untrodden snow

To caress thy fair forehead the Kings of the Alps do bestow;

- While low at thy feet the bright flowerets of Italy twine
- Into garlands of loveliness, making thy sandals to shine.
- Listen! up from the valley the sound of a bell rises clear;
- And behold how the mountains around stand on tiptoe to hear!
- Now they catch up the tone as it rises aloft on the air,
- Toss it back, pass it round, until melody rings ev'rywhere—
- Until far on the echoing summits the harmony swells,
- And, all vibrant with music, they join in the song of the bells.

L of C.

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Mount San Salvatore—The Other Side

One said, "How can men call that beautiful?"
Knowing, for I had seen, I made reply:
"That mountain, as you pass it on this side,
Though picturesque, indeed, is very stern;
But once you round this little point of land
And come to see it from the other side,
You will rejoice, its beauty is so great.

"From emerald waters gently sloping up,
From base to summit clothed in spring-time green,
Its spacious meadows feeding many flocks,
Its verdant woodland homing myriad birds,
While villa, chalet, cottage testify
That there are found the pleasant homes of men—
To know its beauty you must see both sides;
Ah, yes, sail round its base and climb its flanks
Before you say this mountain is not fair."

The scorner passed and left me musing there.
I stood, and gazing on the giant rocks,
Piled up toward heaven, thought: How oft great
men
By rough exterior and one-sided views

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Are judged ungenial, stern as these grey rocks
That on the shore of this fair lake are seen;
When had we but some skiff in which as 'twere
To round their bases, view the other side,
And note how far aloft the sunny slopes
Of human kindness and great purpose rise,
We then might understand that, ere we speak
In scorn of any man, most wise it were
To seek a view upon the other side.

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To Mont Blanc

IMPERIAL mount, that high in heaven Rearest thy proud form, bearing thy weight Of glory and the splendor of thy crown With grace inimitable, thee we hail, Majestic monarch of the mountain host!

The verdant hills, as children at the feet Of some fond parent, all their treasures pour Low at thy base, smiling to think thou carest, And look to thee for blessing. Larger grown, More fit for near communion with thyself, The mountains cluster round thy giant knees, And, humble in thy presence, bare their heads And lift their robeless arms as if in prayer. Even the higher peaks, like thee snow-crowned, With meekness bear their badge of royalty, Knowing that thou art king, they princes all.

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Farewell to Mont Blanc

GREAT giant of mountains, we bid thee adieu! We seek not thy summit, that shines from afar,

Through trial and danger still nearer to view: Let it glisten and gleam like a bright distant star.

In wonder and awe we have climbed to thy knees, To touch but the fringe of thy mantle of snow. Above us the wastes of thy white frozen seas, Below, the green vales where thy swift rivers

flow.

Thy mantle of majesty, glacier-fringed,
More pure than the ermine of royalty shines,
Yet sparkles and dazzles the eye, as if tinged
By all the bright hues that the rainbow entwines.

Cold, distant, majestic thou seemest, in state
Apart from the world, with its joy and its woe;
Untouched by the spirit of love or of hate,
Unvexed by the changes the seasons bestow.

Yes, lone and unloving thou seemest apart,
When shining in splendor or wrapped in thy
clouds;

But lovers of nature, their hands on thy heart, Can feel the quick pulses thy majesty shrouds.

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Thy heart for the valleys beats loving and warm, And waters of life from thy bosom are poured, Which were gathered in region of cloud and of storm,

And for love of the valleys in glacier stored.

Adieu, thou great mountain! Thy lesson we learn: When storm-clouds hang heavy and dark in our sky,

In grateful remembrance of thee we will turn Where, low in the valley, the life-streams flow by.

To the River Tresa

WATERS, hast'ning toward the Tresa gate,
Why will ye not, before it be too late,
Stop and reflect upon your wild career—
Stop where ye are, nor wander on from here?
Ye cannot reason—this I do suspect—
Ye cannot reason, yet ye may reflect:
Reflection is your business every day.
Why not reflect that it were best to stay,
To wander ever on this lovely shore,
Reflecting all its beauty evermore?
Seek not for wider shores your power to show:
Remain in Lake Lugano—do not go."

I listened, and the waters made reply:
"Why should not you reflect as well as I?
Here in this paradise of sight and sound,
Than which a lovelier cannot be found,
You yet are restless, must be on the move,
Cannot content yourself no more to rove.
Lake Maggiore, too, is fair to view,
And I, like you, must seek for something new."

How could I any more the waters chide? I said: "Into the Tresa gently glide, And to Lake Maggiore swiftly go.
You will reflect upon the way, I know,

While I along the lofty mountain's side In observation-car will safely ride, And smile to see you sport so gay and free, Right glad you travel all the way with me."

And so, without a care what should betide, I and the Tresa journeyed side by side, Nor have I found a friend, for many a day, With power to make my spirit half so gay As that small river with its merry song, Dancing and prancing as it rushed along, Quickly reflecting objects on the shore, And, as it rushed, reflecting more and more.

Each cottage smiled for joy as on it came,
The stately villas each one did the same;
The birds in chorus gave it welcome meet,
The flowers to greet it poured their fragrance sweet;
The broom upon the hills its yellow hair
Waved in the breeze for glee to see it there;
All nature welcomed to the woodland wild
The foam-decked Tresa, sweet Lugano's child.

So through the forest to the lake it came; The hour of our arrival was the same. The river lost itself in waters wide — I still am I in the great human tide.

In the Land of Burns

A T Stratford, in fair Avon vale,
A mighty, mystic presence moves
Of one who sees and thinks and knows,
More than of one who feels and loves.

But in the land of Robert Burns
Another atmosphere we ken—
The spirit brooding o'er these vales
Of one who loved his fellow-men.

Of one who loved, and, lover still,
Still yearns to clasp them by the hands;
A gracious, genial, loyal soul
Responsive to the heart's demands.

And if we rove by "Bonnie Doon,"
Or wander by the banks of Ayr,
Or up, or down, or late or soon,
We meet that presence everywhere.

Upon its "thorny tree" the rose
Still blooms in fragrance as of yore;
The banks and braes are fair to see
As when he conned their beauties o'er.

I wandered once along the bank, Below the ancient "Brig of Doon," And listened to the river's voice, Still murmuring its ancient tune.

I thought of him who, sad of heart,
Found in that song a solace sweet,
And, near the path o'er which I trod,
A resting-place for weary feet.

Beside the stream I sat me down,
As hoping that my soul might hear
Some echo from the land of song
That oft he heard, so soft and clear.

But though I heard the river's voice,
And watched its sweeping, graceful turns,
When in my hand my pen I took,
All I could write was "Robert Burns."

The rippling river sang his name;
No other note had it for me;
E'en in the love-songs of the birds
That name rang forth in melody.

Upon the soft and grassy bank
I sat and dreamed that happy day,
While visions came and visions went,
Like clouds that rise and float away.

Once Tam O'Shanter passed my way;
He turned to view me where I sat,
A twinkle in his merry eye,
And on his head a crownless hat.

And "Souter Johnnie" followed fast—
The crony of his heart's delight;
He had some jolly tale to tell,
And laughed till he was out of sight.

I saw a meadow fresh and green
Where "Bonnie Jean" was raking hay.
I heard the words she seemed to sing:
"Oh, hasten Robin—come this way."

And last of all — a vision sweet —
The gentle "Highland Mary" came,
And smiling looked upon the page
Where I had writ her lover's name.

Oh, banks and braes of "Bonnie Doon,"
Ye still have visions fair to view!
And, Robert Burns, I am right glad
To think your fancies after you.

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Airs of the Spirit

SOFTER than south winds blow,
Heavy with balm,
Airs of the Spirit flow,
Bringing us calm;
Melodies sweet and low,
Stilling the spirit's woe,
Making life here below
One holy psalm.

List! then, oh heart of mine!
List! and rejoice!
Each note of joy divine
Utters His voice.
Each bird on swaying limb,
Chanting a morning hymn,
Sings like the Seraphim
Songs of His choice.

Sweeter than honey-dew
In sun-kissed flower,
The love He pours for you,
Each day and hour.
If thou from out thy store
For others love shalt pour,
Soul, thou shalt have the more—
This be thy dower.

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The Passing Year

O FLEETING year, and yet how long and fair,

Rememb'ring joys that thou with us didst share, Denying nothing that thou hadst in store,

Thou best of all the years,

How bright have been thy smiles, how few thy tears!

Into life's chalice thou for us didst pour Rich wine of love until the cup brimmed o'er; Thou hast been full of blessings manifold, Better than beaten gold.

O fleeting year! how brief doth seem thy stay. Rememb'ring thou so soon wilt pass away, This one and only sorrow thou dost bring,

O year of sacred ties,
That we no more may look into thine eyes —
Into the past so soon thou takest wing.
O darling year, this is thine only sting —
Thou wilt not stay. Another comes apace
To take thy blessed place.

Yet, passing year, all life in days to be Shall sweeter seem whene'er we think of thee; Rich mem'ries bide with us, thy gracious dower. Dear year, we bid adieu, Thanks that thy smiles were bright, thy tears so few. We bid adieu, yet still we own thy power, Since mem'ry stays to bless each fleeting hour; For memory hath stored, more choice than gold, Thy blessings manifold.





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